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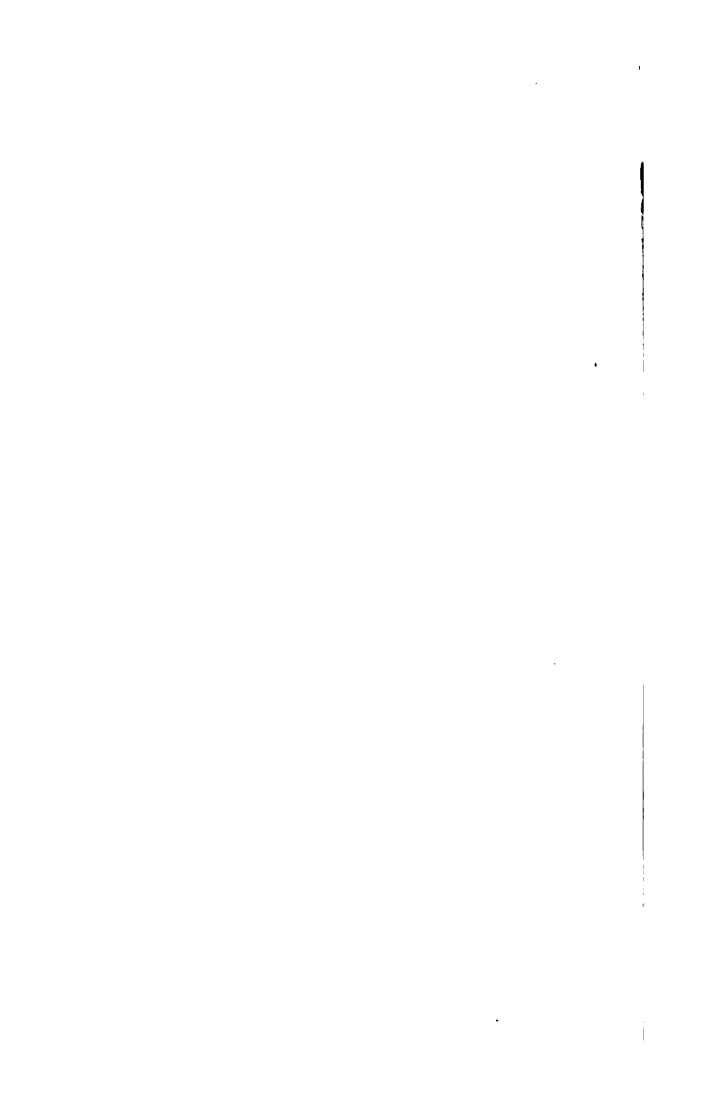
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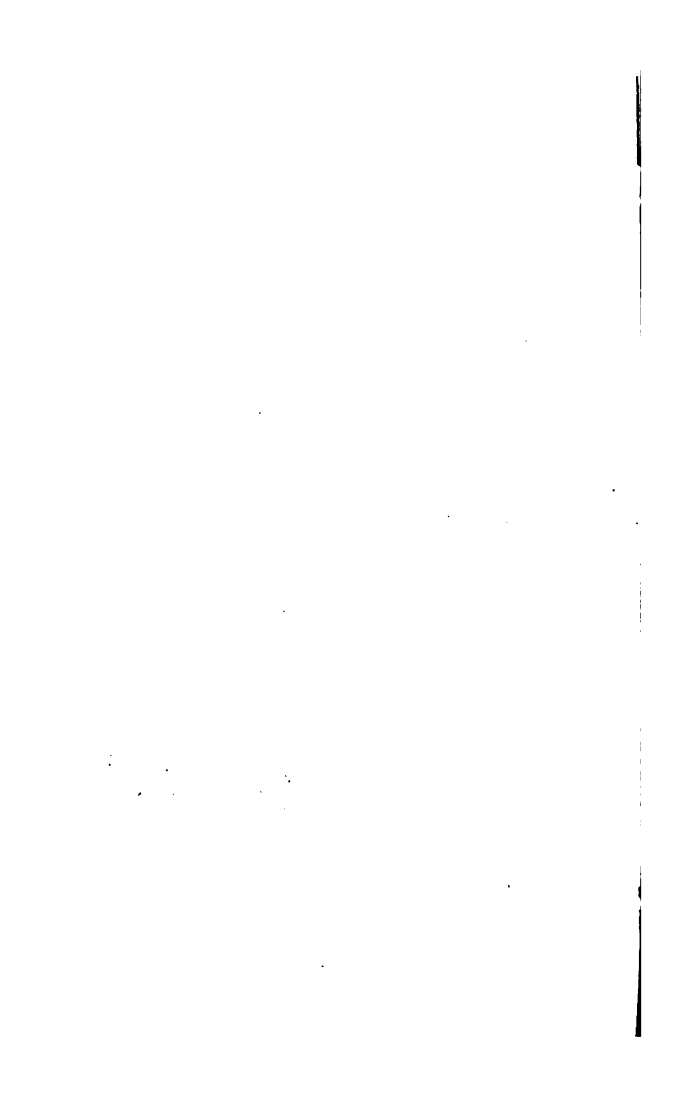
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THE
COTTAGE MUSE.

By T. NOEL.

“STRIVE FOR THE TRUTH UNTO DEATH.”
ECCLESIASTICUS.

LONDON:
HATCHARD AND SON, PICCADILLY.



1833.

150.

MAIDENHEAD :—PRINTED BY W. TAGG.

USE.

*erbs where love is,
red therewith."*

Proverbs xv. 17.

aily fare

and spare,

treat,

street:

"Wealth maketh many friends."

Proverbs xix. 4.

Yes, wealth makes many summer friends,
But when the wintry day
Of want arrives, their friendship ends,
And fast they fall away.

Mine be such friends as worth will buy,
Whom sorrow draws more near;
Such friends as from the drooping eye
Will wipe away the tear.

"Woe to them that are at ease in Zion."

Amos vi. 1.

The "good things" of this world more oft
Harden the heart, than make it soft;
And he who loves to live, "at ease,"
Who studies most himself to please,
Too seldom has a forward heart,
To act a friend's, or brother's part.

Oh ! such an one hath need to keep
 Strict watch, lest conscience fall asleep ;
 For nowhere does she drowsier lie,
 Than in the lap of luxury.

*" Have pity upon me, have pity upon me,
 O ye, my friends ; for the hand of the Lord
 hath touched me."* Job. xix. 21.

Too oft I've known the poor refuse
 To heed a neighbour's cry ;
 And still their cold neglect excuse,
 By pleading poverty.

Alas ! such plea is mostly vain ;—
 The *poorest* some relief
 May give ;—kind words are balm to pain,—
 A tear can soften grief.

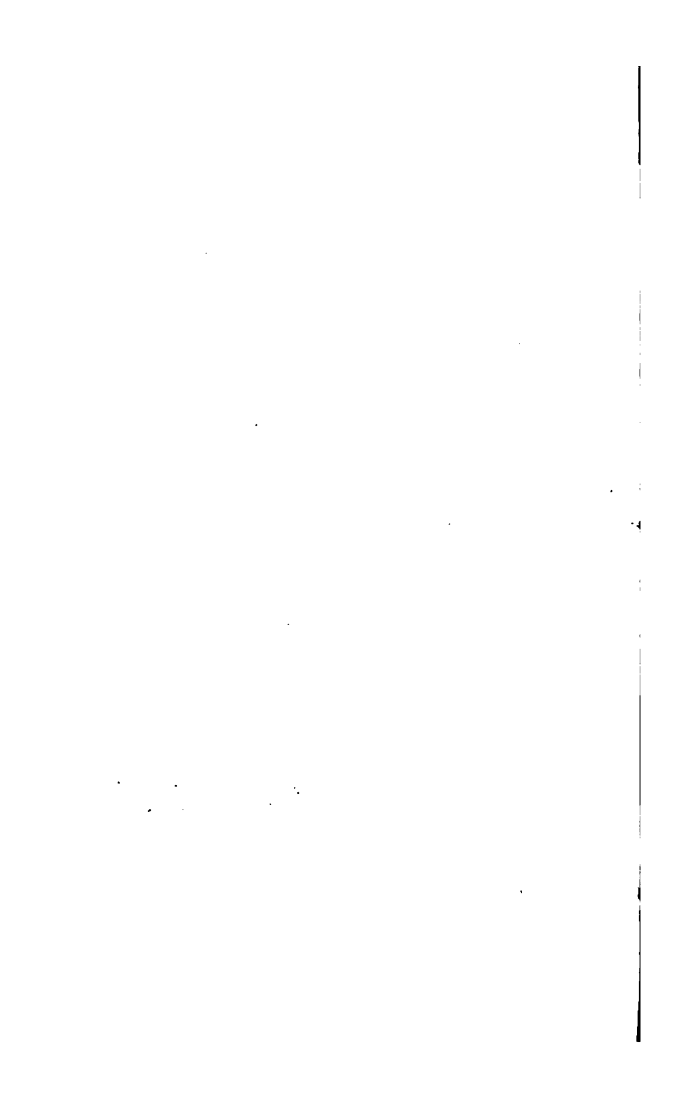
And pity is the sweetest boon
 That mortal can impart,
 When guilt, or want, or woe untune,
 Or wring a brother's heart.



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Thou'rt not too low thy faults to mend,
 Too low for others' woes to feel;
 Thou'rt not too low to be a friend,
 To soothe the heart thou canst not heal.

In lowest vales, the grass most soft
 And green will grow; the sweet cool rills
 Are found in vallies, far more oft,
 Than on the tops of barren hills.

Thou'rt low,—but from the highest place
 The song of praise ascendeth not
 More grateful tow'ards the throne of grace,
 Than from the poorest peasant's cot.

*“Having food and raiment, let us be there-
 with content.”*

1 Tim. vi. 8.

Why not content?—when he who came
 From heav'n, to win our souls from shame,
 Was by the hand of * bounty fed,
 And “had not where to lay his head.”
 He liv'd a poor man!—surely he
 Hath bless'd the state of poverty.

* Luke viii. 3.

"Iron sharpeneth iron; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend."

Prov. xxvii. 17.

Lo! that poor man who walks alone,
 Who tow'rd's the earth doth bend
 His eyes;—whose cheek is dull as stone;—
 That poor man has no friend.

His untold thoughts and feelings prove
 His burden:—would'st thou mend
 His looks, and half his griefs remove,—
 Speak to him as a friend.

*"Pleasant words are as an honey-comb,
 sweet to the soul, and health to the bones."*

Prov. xvi. 24.

Sweet is the voice of pity to the ear
 Of those who want, or lose what they hold dear;
 Sweet is the voice of love to those whose fate
 It is to hear, too oft, the voice of hate;

Sweet is the cheerful voice that strives to bless
 The heart that "knoweth his own bitterness ;"
 Sweet is the voice of praise, when justly won
 By noiseless deeds, in love and duty done ;
 Sweet is the voice of song, the voice of mirth,
 That lift the care-worn spirit from the earth ;
 But sweeter far than all that's said or sung,
 Is the mild music of a holy tongue.

"A soft answer turneth away wrath."

Prov. xv. 1.

'Tis said that oil will smooth the stormy sea ;
 So gentle words will quiet enmity :
 Oh ! may my tongue spread peace where'er I go ;
 Ne'er from my lips may any accents flow
 But such as may be register'd above,—
 Words sweet as honey, and as soft as love.

"Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight."

Psalm xix. 14.

May I from all expressions shrink,
That would "the pure in heart" dismay!
And may I never dare to *think*,
What I should be ashamed to *say*.

"There came forth little children out of the city, and mocked him, and said unto him, Go up thou bald-head."

2 Kings ii. 23.

Man is a sacred thing,—a being in
The image of his great Creator made!
By jest or scoff to wound him, 'is a sin;
• 'Tis to insult his Maker, or upbraid.
O may I never seek applause to win
By aught ill-natur'd,—but be aye afraid—
Asham'd—to play the mocker's cruel part,
Who plants a dagger in his brother's heart!

“Do unto others as ye would that they
Should do to you:”—this is a golden law

And strove the world its spirit to obey,

Sweet peace would prosper in the place of war :
No more would man be man’s sport, scorn or prey

But love all venom from his heart would draw.
What blessings, then, would from his tongue be
pour’d,—

His tongue, that deadlier weapon than the sword

*“Woe unto them that call evil good, and
good evil; that put darkness for light, and
light for darkness.”* Isaiah v. 20.

Woe be to him whoe’er confounds,
To justify his sins, the bounds
Of right and wrong.—Woe be to him
Who makes the light of truth seem dim;
Who, heedless of the voice that pleads
Within, his fellow-men misleads :
Who calls great sins by softening names,
Emboldens vice, and virtue shames.

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"Doting about questions and strifes of words."

1 Timothy vi. 4.

Vain questions shun, and wordy strife,
If thou would'st wear "the crown of life;"
For controversy's stormy sea
Is strew'd with wrecks of charity.

*"Whereas there is among you envying and
strife, and divisions, are ye not carnal? For
while one saith I am of Paul, and another,
I am of Apollos; are ye not carnal?"*

1 Cor. iii. 3, 4.

Oh! 'tis a sick'ning sight to see
Two christian men at enmity;
With heart and head in Godless strife,
Disputing o'er the book of life.

'Tis sad frail man should e'er consign
His brother unto wrath divine,
Because he cannot hail with him,
As truth, a doubtful point and dim;

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*"Woe unto them that are mighty to drink
wine, and men of strength to mingle strong
drink."* *Isaiah v. 22*

Isaiah v. 22.

O thou, whose heart is given to drink,
Whose base delight it is to sink
Thyself below a beast ;
Thou ne'er shalt taste the fount of love,
With saints and spirits blest above,
Who in God's presence feast.

With rose-buds though thou crown the bowl.
And it be sweet, yet shall thy soul
Find peace and comfort never ;
“The cup of trembling,” thou, in pain,
And sorrow, to its dregs shalt drain
On earth,—then thirst for ever !

*“Better is he that ruleth his spirit, than
he that taketh a city.”* Prov. xvi. 32.

We idly style those conquerors great,
Who, carrying sword and flame,
Make fields and cities desolate,
And deem their havoc fame.

But greater, braver conquerors, live,
Who carry war within,
Who quell their bosom-foes, and give
No quarter to their sin.

And though on earth to this “good fight”
But little praise be given ;
'Tis precious in our Father's sight,
'Tis destin'd to a crown of light,—
And will be fame in heav'n.

"The light shall shine upon thy ways."

Job xxii. 28.

If in thy waking hours, by night
Or day, thy soul ne'er strays
From God thy Maker, then "the light
Shall shine upon thy ways."

If with pure lips, and heart upright,
Thou dost thy Saviour praise,
And love thy fellow-men, "the light
"Shall shine upon thy ways."

If thou dost strive with all thy might
To flee from error's maze,
And make thy bosom pure, "the light
"Shall shine upon thy ways."

If thou dost in the holy fight
Of faith, thy mortal days
Conclude; God's everlasting "light
Shall shine upon thy ways."

"What the Lord loveth he chasteneth."

Hebrews xii. 6.

The father's hand corrects the child
 That's dearest to his heart ;
 To let his faults, like weeds, run wild,
 Would be no parents' part.

The fruit of kind severity,
 Is joy in after hours ;
 By culture rankest weeds may be
 Converted into flowers.

So when the heart hath long been tried
 By chastenings from above,
 Disquiet turns to peace, and pride
 Is humbled into love.

"Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." **Matt. v. 4**

"Blessed are they that mourn," for they
Shall comfort find,—their darken'd day
Shall set in light;—hope's brightest ray.

Their souls shall cheer:

But woe to those who ne'er have griev'd,
Nor been of earthly joys bereav'd,
Alas! for those who have receiv'd

* Their solace here!

To worldly minds though marvellous,
Not all in vain be told for us
The tale of lowly Lazarus,

And Dives proud:

But let it teach us, there may be,
Storms gathering, o'er prosperity;
While in afflictions faith may see

A sun behind the cloud.

* Ye have received your consolation. **Luke vi. 24.**

*“ In much affliction, with joy of the Holy
 ‘hope.’ ”*

1 Thess. i. 6.

Afflictions meekly I'll receive,
 And make thy will my choice;
 And though my weary flesh may grieve,
 My spirit shall rejoice.

Yes, though my frame be worn and weak,
 And, day by day, decays;
 My heart shall feel, my tongue shall speak,
 Thy mercy, and thy praise.

Bless'd be the hand that wounds to heal;
 That makes me evil shun,
 And good pursue, with steadier zeal,
 And so, “ Thy will be done.”

"The harvest is past, the summer ended, and we are not saved."

Jeremiah viii. 2

The sweet spring-time of life is past,
The Summer too is gone,
The harvest's o'er, and dark and fast
Cold Winter's coming on.

The hours have glided dream-like by,
Unmark'd, life's sands have run ;
The great and dreadful day draws nigh,—
And Oh ! what have I done ?

My Saviour taught the "narrow way,"
That way I have not trod,
But drawing nearer death each day,
Have further stray'd from God.

Old age hath, like a thief by night,
Crept on ;—I look around,
Amazed ;—my soul must soon take flight,—
And whither is it bound ?

Can heav'n be purchas'd by a sigh,
 Or late reluctant tear?
 O what a worse than fool was I
 To rest my wishes here!

The world, on which I've stay'd my heart,
 Hath prov'd a broken reed;
 I see my "treasure" all depart;
 And now am poor indeed.

Sweet hope is quench'd in dark despair;
 What will my portion be?
 "Thou good and faithful servant" ne'er
 Can be address'd to me.

How many thus bewail their doom,
 Who, to the world enslav'd,
 Approach the borders of the tomb,
 And *feel* they are "*not sav'd!*"

*“ The hoary head is a crown of glory, if
it be found in the way of righteousness.”*

Prov. xvi. 31.

The hoary head of holy men
Is crown'd with glory from above ;
In village seen, or mountain-glen,
It wins upon the heart like love.

Sweet childhood's tresses, curling free,
And full of grace, the sight engage ;
But still more lovely seem to me,
The spare white locks of virtuous age.

“ O thou that art waxen old in wickedness.”

Hist. of Susanna.

When we behold a youthful rake,
We blame, but cannot hope forbear ;
But hoary-headed sinners wake
Our scorn, our pity, and despair !

“The rich and poor meet together.

Prov. xxii. 2.

—

There is a verdant spot of ground,
 Endear'd by human dust ;
 There friend and foe are sleeping round,—
 The faithless, and the just.

There rich and poor lie side by side ;
 The oppressor, and the slave ;
 The meek in love, the rank in pride,
 Are levelled in the grave.

The wicked, there, from troubling cease,
 The weary are at rest ;
 The church-yard is a home of peace
 To every care-worn breast.

It is a sacred nook of earth,
 We softly o'er it tread ;
 And harshly sounds the voice of mirth
 Above the silent dead.

The poor man loves the only spot
That's left to him to share ;
His friends and kindred, unforget,
Lie fondly treasur'd there.

And oft he feels a mournful pride
To think that he shall lay
His own o'er-labour'd limbs beside
His parents' hallow'd clay.

'Tis good to that calm scene to steal
Sometimes, our hearts to scan ;
No spot so sternly makes us feel
Th' equality of man.

O that the rich and poor might meet
More closely *while in life* ;
Such union would be passing sweet,
And save a world of strife.

“Know ye not that ye are the temple of God.”
I Corinthians, iii. 17.

Think not that he who fram'd all lands,
All worlds that swim in boundless space,
Resides “in temples built with hands;”—
Though such be term'd his dwelling-place.

A prelate's prayer no virtue gives
To make a holier spot of ground :
But where a pious spirit lives,
There is the holiest “temple” found.

Though present with the farthest star,
Nor absent from the nearest clod,
Their Author be,—’tis better far
To deem thy heart “the house of God.”

*"Herein is my Father glorified, that ye
bear much fruit."* John xv. 8.

"The just shall live by faith."
Romans i. 17.

'Tis not enough to *say* that we believe ;
The life shews faith—professions may deceive :
Words are like blossoms which may promise much,
But are not proof against the cold wind's touch.
And yet how oft we hear those "fruits" decried
Whereby we're told that God is "glorified :"
But I will ever on this maxim rest,—
Who lives the most like Christ, believes the best :
For no religion from a healthy root
Can spring, that is not seen to "bear much fruit."

“ The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth : so is every one that is born of the Spirit.”

John iii. 8.

Religion is no sudden start,
 'Tis no convulsion of the heart,
 No transport of a fever'd brain,
 No blighting dread, no birth of pain.
 It is the silent growth of hours,
 Like nature's in her plants and flowers ;—
 As viewless as the summer wind,
 That fragrance leaves, and health behind ;
 The meekening spirit, day by day,
 Wins somewhat of its heavenward way ;
 And when its work of love is done,
 Rests, like the breeze at set of sun.

"The kingdom of God is within you."

Luke xvii. 21.

Oh ! look thou less for heaven *above*,
And seek it more *within* ;—
It is the bosom bright with love ;
The spirit freed from sin.

It is the heart that strives for light,
Where'er it may be won ;
That cleaves to God by day and night,
And *feels* "Thy will be done."

On such a soul the world may frown,
But still its joys increase :
What casts an earthly spirit down,
Can scarce disturb its peace.

Th' impure no happy place shall see ;
Heav'n would to such be drear :
None shall *hereafter* blessed be,
Whose bliss begins not *here*.

*“ There shall be weeping and gnashing of
teeth.”* Matt. viii. 12.

There needs no *outward* hell to him whose soul
Is grov'ling low in sin's most dread abyss :
Who leaves Christ's freedom for the base control
Of lust, may bid a long adieu to bliss !

The fell remorse, and the malignant ire,
Of the dark spirit that its God defies ;
These, and these only, make the hell, whose “fire
Is never quench'd, and whose worm ne'er dies !”

How musical the murmuring sea;
How sweet the crystal rills;
How lovely is the flowery lea;
How awful are the hills!

Each living thing its life enjoys,
To nature's law confin'd;
And pleasure's cup but rarely cloy,
When reason rules the mind.

Thou mad'st not all thy lovely things,
As zealots sometimes tell,
To be *unlov'd*, since purest springs
Of joy may thence out-well.

Nay—surely thou dost not condemn
The heart that loves to see
Thy glorious works, and uses them
As aids to climb to thee.

Let them sacrifice the sacrifices of thanksgiving, and declare his works with rejoicing."

Psalm cvii. 22.

Whether the wild field-flower I view,
 Or cloud-capped mountain height;
 Or lake of pure and peaceful blue,
 Or ocean's stormy might :

Whether on barren plains I look,
 Or vales of golden grain;
 Or forest dark, or green-wood nook
 Where nightingales complain :

Whether on twinkling stars I gaze,
 Or burning sun at noon;
 Or (minding me of other days)
 The melancholy moon :

Where'er I turn my wondering eyes
 Around, below, above;
 An incense from my heart shall rise,
 Of thankfulness and love!

“ Surely the bitterness of death is past.”

1 Sam. xv. 32.

The holy soul that holdeth fast
 The faith and love of Christ, can say,
 “The bitterness of death is past :”
 And from its prison-house of clay,
 Can gladly wing its heavenward way.

Not so the soul that at the name
 Of Cross, or Saviour, shrinks aghast,
 Sin-fetter’d,—it may ne’er exclaim,—
 Long as eternity shall last,—
 “The bitterness of death is past.”

"Peace, be still." Mark iv. 39.

O thou, who cam'st from heav'n "to guide
Our feet into the way of peace ;"
Dispel the darkness spread by pride,
And make the light of love increase.

Too long I've roam'd a stormy sea,
Benighted 'neath a starless sky ;
No beacon-fire hath blaz'd for me ;
I've mark'd no "day-spring from on high."

Too long I've heard the tempest rave,
And seen the death-dark billows roll,
Nor spied, below the yawning wave,
The hope, "the anchor of the soul."

But thou canst make the howling blast
Sink down into the gentlest breath ;
Canst into sleep the surges cast,
Though gaping like the jaws of death.

Then calm for me the stormy sea,
 And with thy light my bosom fill;
 O make its tempest-clouds to flee,
 And sweetly whisper, "Peace, be still."

"Her candle goeth not out by night."

Prov. xxxi. 18.

The pious spirit not alone
 By day gives forth its light;
 No, there is still a lustre thrown
 From its pure shrine by night.

The light of truth, from heav'ns fount brought,
 In slumber round it streams;
 And many a sweet and holy thought,
 Makes sunshine in its dreams.

"Ask, and it shall be given you." Matt. vii. 7.

Meek and lowly,
Pure and holy,
Make me, Lord, I pray ;
Calm, yet cheerful,
Little fearful,
Both by night and day.

Teach me truly ;
All unruly
Tempers cause to cease ;
Make me love all,
Thee above all,
Whom to love is peace.

In each sorrow
May I borrow
Hope from thee alone ;
Still aspiring,
And desiring,
To be near thy throne.

Never fretting,
Nor forgetting
All my Saviour bore ;
But enduring,
Thus securing
Joy for evermore.

Every pleasure
Let me measure
By thy holy will ;
Ne'er transgressing,
That thy blessing
May be with me still.

Thus when fleetly,
Not unsweetly,
Life hath glided by ;
May I gently,
Innocently,
Lay me down and die !

"The time is short." 1 Cor. vii. 29.

Enough, enough of wasted time ;—
A thoughtless youth, a worldly prime ;—
The soundless sands of life have run
Full low ;—the night draws nigh, when none
Can work. Up ! up ! the day redeem,
As best thou may'st in twilight's gleam ;—
Upon the borders of the grave,
Thou, even yet, thy soul may'st save.
There is a voice, if thou would'st hear,
That calls to thee, in accents clear,
"Come, come to me ;"—there is a face,
If thou would'st see, of heavenly grace,
That smiles on thee ;—there is a hand
That beckons to a happier land :
That voice, that smile, that hand obey,
And labour while a glimpse of day
Remains. Work, work, e'er yet to thee
The sun of life sets in the sea
Of fathomless eternity !

“ *Watch.*” Mark xiii. 37.

Rich, poor, meek, proud, depress'd, elate
 We hover o'er the brink of fate;
 Another moon, another sun
 O'erpast, perchance our glass is run;
 We headlong fall, and barter breath
 For everlasting life or death!
 How few the precipice that's near
 Perceive,—how few or watch, or fear;—
 How many thousand souls there be
 Who deem it safety *not to see!*

“ *When the wicked man dieth his expectation shall perish.*” Prov. xi. 7.

“ *But the righteous hath hope in his death.*”
 Prov. xiv. 32.

The joy of the righteous for ever shall live,
 To him God “ a glorious kingdom shall give;
 And he shall receive, who hath evil abhorr'd,
 “ A beautiful crown ” from the hand of the Lord!

But the hope of the wicked departeth full fast,
 Like the dust whirl'd away on the wings of the blast;
 Like the froth that is borne on the hurricane's breath,
 And eternal despair is his portion in death!

“*Redeeming the time.*” Ephesians v. 16.

To feel the lightning-lapse of years,
 Will often chill the soul with fears,
 And consciousness of wasted time,
 Crush, like the memory of crime.
 Why not?—to live from hour to hour,
 And bear no fruit, and shew no flower,
 (Though flagrant sins should absent be,)
 Is to defy the Deity,
 Who gives to each his separate trust,
 The talents that must take no rust,
 But every day and hour must be
 Still brightening for eternity!

"Set your affections on things above, and not on things on the earth." Col. iii. 2.

Oh ! may each hour that fleetly flies,
 Unfix my heart from worldly ties,
 That more and more my hopes may rise
To heaven !

May ill affections still decrease,
 That I, ere life's swift course shall cease,
 May taste on earth the holy peace
Of heaven !

Then all unfear'd shall death advance ;
 Beyond the grave Faith's eye shall glance,
 And see the soul's inheritance
In heaven !

"Know ye not that the friendship of the world is enmity with God?" James iv. 4.

Ah ! faithless world ! 'tis not in thee
To bless the hour of misery ;
 To win from care :
Thy gifts turn traitors in our need,
The hopes thou bringest only lead
 To deep despair !

To those who smiles of love can spy
On sunny earth, in starry sky,
 Thy smiles seem dim ;
Thy friendship, world, is enmity
With God ; and we must die to thee,
 To live with Him !

.

"Who went about doing good." Acts x. 38.

Ne'er, like secluded saint or sage,
 May I from human ties
 Myself withdraw;—through youth and age
 The world shall be my hermitage,
 I'll there grow pure and wise.

'Tis not in the untrodden glen,
 The christian pilgrim wins
 His heavenward way—he speeds best when
 He *seeks* the charities of men,
 And only *shuns* their sins.

"He that winneth souls is wise." Prov. xi. 30.

Not for ourselves alone must we
 Contend for truth and purity,
 But that our lips and lives may win
 Some wanderer from the ways of sin;
 May lure into the realms of light
 Some spirit ~~wrapped~~ in darkest night.

True virtue is no selfish thing;
 It is an ever-welling spring
 Of love, whose crystal freely flows
 For all around it—friends and foes;
 And oft, when erring men repair
 To its alluring brink,
 And find no bitter waters there,
 They may be won to drink
 E'en at the very Fountain-head,
 From which each lesser rill is fed.
 Oh let not our religion be
 A cold, forbidding thing,
 But let it circle pure and free,
 A bright, an unseal'd spring,
 To tempt our brother's heart and eyes,
 Since "he that winneth souls is wise."

"Beloved, let us love one another." 1 John, iv. 7.

'Tis lack of love alone that blights
 Each flower which blooms below;
 That mars our bosoms' best delights,
 And floods the world with woe.

'Tis love that makes our sorrows less,
 Or brings them to a close;
 'Tis love that makes life's wilderness
 To "blossom as the rose."

*"The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not
 want."* Psalm xxiii. 1.

What makes the man?—The mind;
 But wretched mortals blind
 To what is great and true,
 Gilt phantoms still pursue:
~~Without~~ their treasure lies,
~~Within~~ peace droops and dies!

Give me a noble end:—

What shall I want—a friend?

No never, while there lives
 A God his love who gives;
 Who, with approving eyes,
 Regards the soul that sighs,
 Though slighted and alone,
 For goodness like his own!

What shall I want then?—Peace?
 'Tis had when guilt-pangs cease,
 There's nought a fear to raise,
 When conscience whispers praise.

What shall I want, then?—Wealth?
 Not while the Spirit's health
 Profusely showers on me,
 (Whate'er my state may be,—
 Pain, bondage, banishment)
 The riches of content!

What shall I want?—Nought—nought :
 A stream of joyous thought
 From God's pure fountain flowing
 Shall water virtue's flowers,
 Within the soul's bright bowers,
 And keep them ever blowing.

"Fear not little flock."

Luke xii. 32.

My little flock, your Father wills
To give to you a fold
Upon the everlasting hills,
Adown whose side, in sparkling rills,
Life's waters pure are roll'd.

Fear not, my little flock, you ne'er
Upon those happy mountains,
Shall pangs from thirst or hunger bear,
Unfading pastures sweet are there,
And never-failing fountains.

Fear not, my little flock,—nor heat,
Nor cold shall thither come ;
You ne'er shall need a safe retreat
From tempest,—nor for succour bleat
Upon that peaceful home.

Your Shepherd shall be ever nigh,
 No more from you to sever,
 And ye shall roam at will, or lie
 Basking beneath a cloudless sky,
 For ever, and for ever !

*“ The trumpet shall sound, and the dead
 shall be raised.”* 1 Cor. xv. 52.

The stars shoot down, the frightened waves
 Dash upwards from the main ;
 The mountains huge, and rocks and caves
 Roll, crumbling, to the plain.

The trumpet sounds ! lo ! all who sleep
 In grave, on bier or bed,
 Start into life !—the mighty deep
 Yields up its awful dead !

The myriad myriad victims dire
 Of fate, in every form,—
 By love and hate, by flood and fire,
 In battle, and in storm :—

The buried of a thousand years ;
 The corpse of yesterday,
 For whom the kindred mourners' tears
 Not yet are wip'd away.—

Alike to all, uprisen there,
 Their-dreamless sleep, gone by,
 Seems but a moment,—as it were,
 “ The twinkling of an eye.”

All pale and mute they stand aghast,
 With wonder, and with fear ;
 As rings th' archangel's trumpet-blast
 Upon each startled ear !

Amid the world's dissolving crash
 The memories of sin
 Through guilty souls, like lightnings, flash,
 The worm awakes within !

Lo ! on the clouds of heav'n, the Son
 Of Man descends,—between
 The armies of th' Eternal One !
 How awfully serene !

Straight from the waken'd hosts around,
 Into the blazing air,
 Up-bursts a mighty mingled sound
 Of transport, and despair.

While on each soul, his holy look,
 As guilt or hope may move,
 Frowns terrible with stern rebuke,
 Or smiles all meek with love.

Woe to the wicked ! now they feel
 The pangs that slumber never ;—
 Joy to the righteous souls ! their zeal
 Is crown'd with bliss for ever !

“ *My cup runneth over.*” Psalm xxiii. 5.

O thou, who givest all good things
 In plenteousness to me,
 Who lead'st me by the tranquil springs,
 Reflecting love and thee.

Who makest me in pastures green
 Lie sweetly down to rest,
 And spreadest many a lovely scene
 To gratify my breast ;—

Who art my staff and comfort still
 When fears and sorrows press;
 Whose right hand leads me, if I will,
 In paths of righteousness :—

I praise thee for my brimming cup,
 When evening dew-drops weep,
 And when the ruddy morn lifts up
 Her eyelids o'er the deep!

I praise thee when the sun-bright noon
 Flings gladness o'er the earth,
 And when the pale and placid moon
 Wakes thoughts too pure for mirth.

I praise thee when the million stars
 Stud midnight's solemm dome,
 And Spirits from their crystal cars
 Call wandering fancies home.

I'll praise thee till my breath be sped,
 And life and light are o'er;
 And, when I waken from the dead,
 I'll bless thee evermore!

"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes : and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away."

Revelation xxi. 4.

O happy land ! where we no more
 Shall die, nor darkly sorrow o'er
 The dead, more sad than death !
 Where never tear shall dim the eye,
 Nor groan be wrung from pain, nor sigh
 Impede the blissful breath !

O happy land ! where there shall be
 No bondage more, nor tyranny,
 Revenge, nor envy vile ;
 Where hand of man shall never more
 Be crimson with a brother's gore,
 Nor heart be black with guile !

O happy land ! where friend with friend
 Shall link sweet ties that ne'er shall end,
 Where hearts no more shall sever :
 Where love shall be immortal !—where
 All shall be pure, and bright, and fair
 As God himself—for ever !

"Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." John i. 29

—
 "One came forth of gentle worth,
 Smiling on the blood-stain'd earth;"*
 From his guileless mouth was heard
 Many a peace-persuading word,
 And the meekness of his life
 Gave a mute rebuke to strife,
 As his homeless days he spent,
 Doing good where'er he went,—
 'Mid the guilty, innocent!

Sorrow at his coming smil'd;
 Sickness fled, despair grew mild,
 Lameness leap'd—the silence-bound
 Ear of deafness thrill'd with sound;
 Blindness bless'd the cheering rays,
 And the speechless tongue spake praise;
 Demons fled the tortur'd soul;
 Death obey'd his strong control,

* From the poetry of Shelley, but with the omission of one word, and the putting a simpler one in its place.

And the grave her pallid prey
 Render'd to the realms of day.
 Yet e'en he, though all around
 Love diffusing, hatred found,—
 Aye—and hatred all must find
 Who are lovers of their kind,*
 And their fellow-men would win
 From the withering grasp of sin;
 For the wretched slaves of earth
 Find reproach in others' worth;
 Evil hearts that woo the night,
 (He hath spoke it) hate the light! †

Thus, "a Man of sorrows," he
 Liv'd, despite his purity,—
 Persecuted, scorn'd, betray'd,
 And at length a Martyr made,
 Yielding up his righteous breath
 In a malefactor's death!

* "Woe unto you, when all men shall speak well of you." Luke vi. 26. † John iii. 20.

Yet amid his dying throes
 Pray'd he blessings on his foes—
 "Father!" (thus may I implore
 Peace for those who wrong me sore,)
 "I for their forgiveness sue,
 For they know not what they do!"

Thus he died, and won thereby
 Over sin a victory!

Lamb of God, for sinners slain!
 Let us not make void thy pain;
 Be all sin by us abhorr'd,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord!

"Teach me thy way, O Lord." Psalm xxvii. 11.

Thou Being, never ending, ne'er begun!
 Thou, whom alone to know and love are one!
 Father of life, and Fountain of all bliss
 To those who love, and fear to do amiss;

O bring thy mercies to my mind more near,
Cast from my soul the servitude of fear ;
Make me to seek the good, to shun the ill,
To do thy bidding with a readier will.
Take from my heart the withering sense of guilt,
Oh! thou canst give it freedom, if thou wilt !
Teach me through faith towards thy throne to soar,
And feel thy purest presence more and more.

Thou who delightest to be call'd, above
All other titles, by thy name of " Love ;"
Whose justice, power, and majesty accord
With this, through which thou art Almighty, Lord !
O pour thy love into my inmost heart,
Bid all its pride and littleness depart.
Thy love alone can make the spirit free,
Without thy love it knoweth nought of thee !
Thy love alone can silence all alarm,
Alone can lull life's billows into calm ;
Can make a blessing of the boon of breath,
And stamp a beauty on the brow of death !

SABBATH BELLS.

O listen to the Sabbath bells
Whose melancholy strain,
From yonder village church-tower swells
Along the silent plain.

Now louder comes their mellow sound,
And now it melts away
Upon the breeze that dies around ;—
How musical are they.

O there is something in their tone
So sweetly sad to me,
My heart, methinks, could never own
A dearer melody.

It minds me of departed days,
Of joys and sorrows fled;
It brings again to memory's gaze
The living and the dead.

It many a holy feeling wakes,
It weans from worldly ties,
It stills the troubled soul, and makes
It meeter for the skies.

The wandering mind it gently draws
From life's distracting glare,
To wholesome thoughts of death, and thaws
The spirit into prayer!

Then listen to the Sabbath bells,
Whose heaven-inviting strain
From yonder village church-tower swells
Along the silent plain.

Finis.

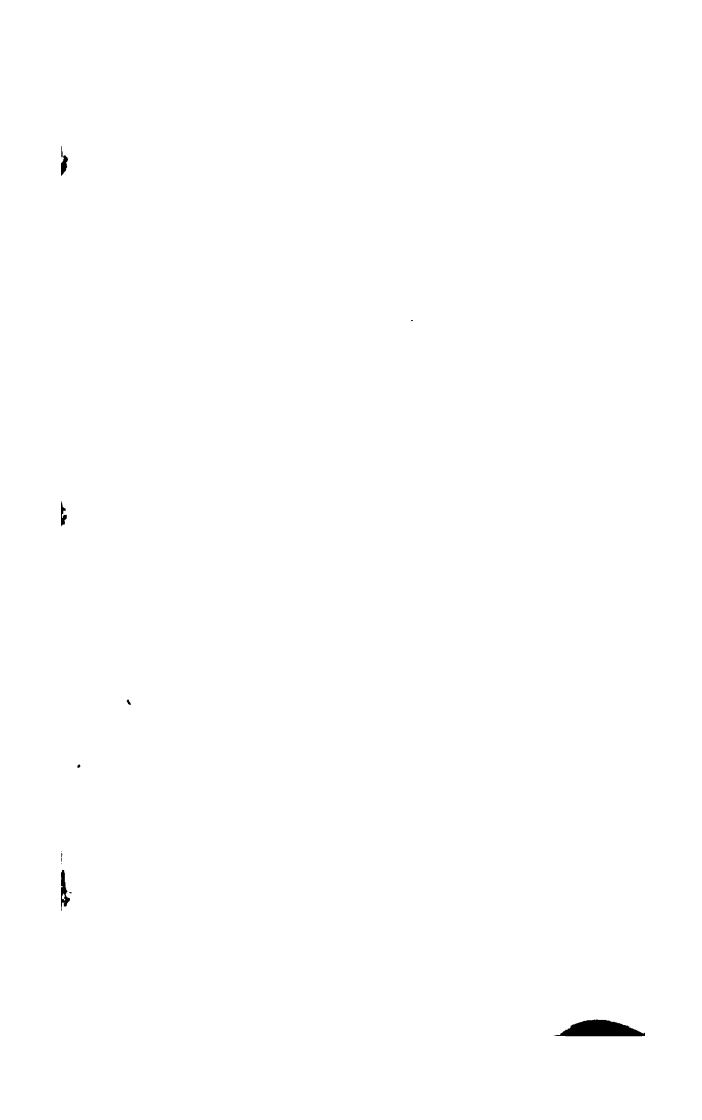


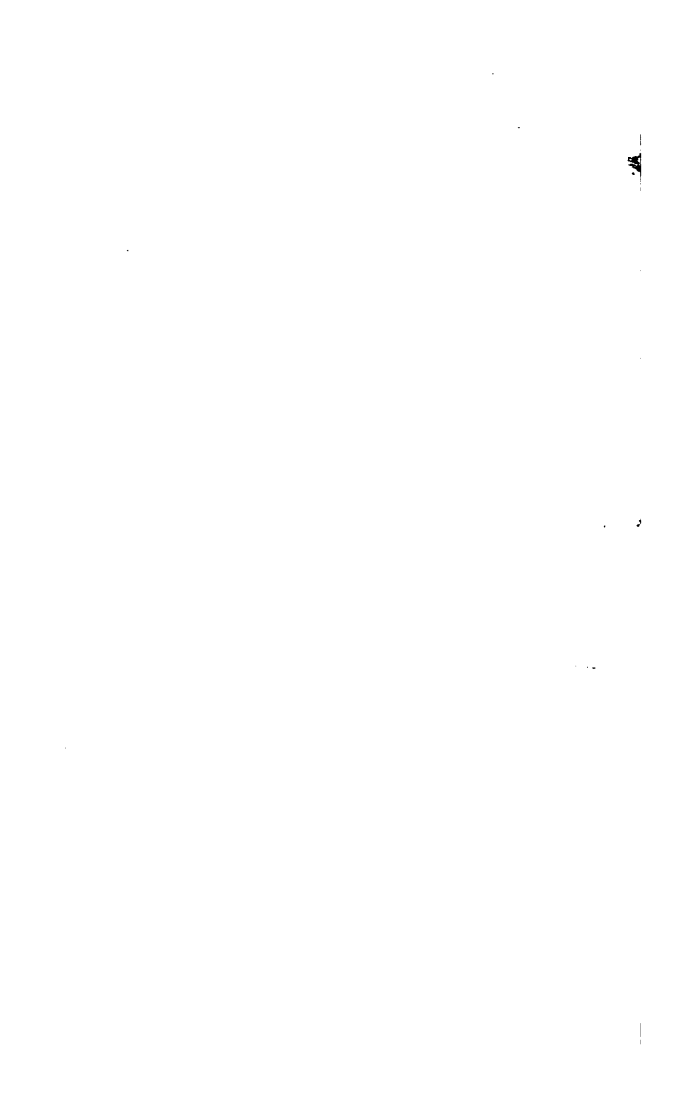
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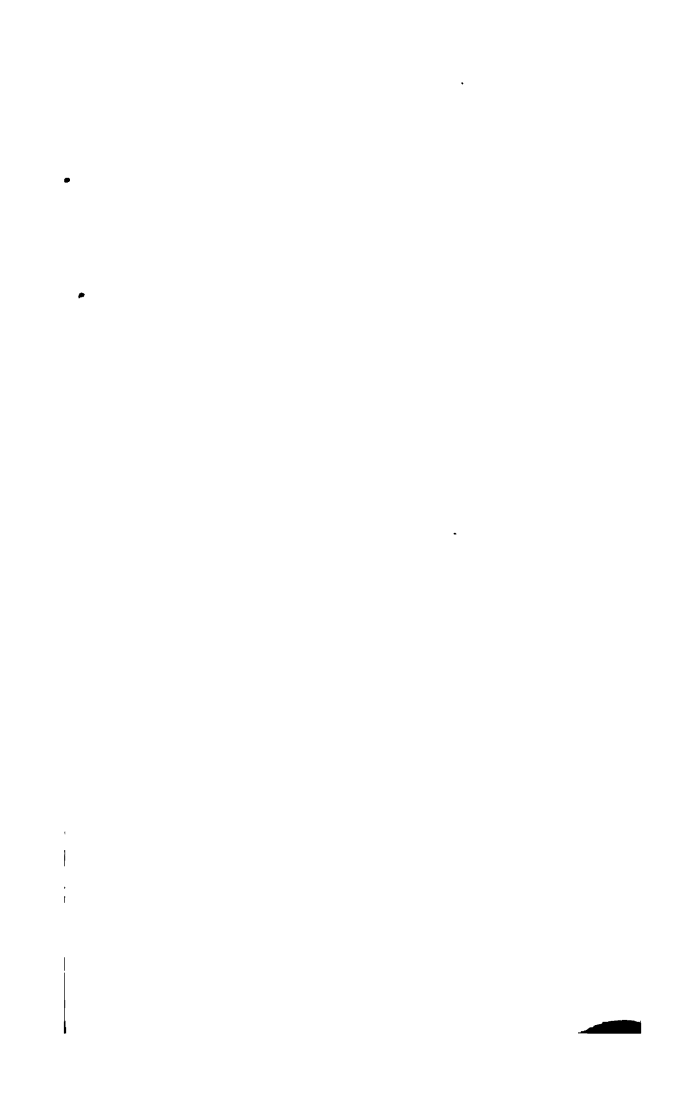
to "Having food and raiment," &c.

IT is far from the intention of the writer to *insult the destitute*, that is, those who have *not* food and raiment, by telling them to be so content as to make no efforts to free themselves from a state so trying to virtue : but he certainly would preach contentment, in its strictest sense, to those who are in that *comparative* state of poverty for which there is no help ; a state which has ever existed, and, perhaps, ever will exist in this world, and which is by no means unfavorable to virtue.











ERRATA.

Page 16, line 11, for "awile," read awhile.

21, 6, for "parents'," read parent's.

28, 5, for "mourful," read mournful.

